

FREMONT WEEKLY FREEMAN.

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FREMONT FREEMAN:

J. S. FOLKE, Editor and Publisher.

The FREEMAN is published every Saturday morning—Office in Buckland's Brick Building—third story, Fremont, Sandusky county, Ohio.

TERMS.

Single mail subscribers, per year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten and upwards, to one address 13 3/4
Clubs of fifteen 15 1/2
Twelve subscribers will be charged at 75. The difference in the terms between the price on papers delivered in town and those sent by mail, is occasioned by the expense of carrying.

When the money is not paid in advance, as above specified, Two Dollars will be charged if paid within the year, if not paid until after the expiration of the year, Two Dollars and Fifty cents will be charged. The terms will be strictly adhered to.

How to Stop a Paper.—First see that you have paid for it up to the time you wish it to stop; notify the Post Master of your desire, and ask him to notify the publisher, under his frank, (as he is authorized to do) of your wish to discontinue.

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Our square—13 lines—first insertion.....\$0.50
Do each additional insertion.....25
Do Three months.....3.00
Do Six months.....5.00
Do One year.....10.00
Two square.....6.00
Do One year.....12.00
Half column One year.....18.00
One column One year.....30.00

Business Directory.

FREMONT FREEMAN

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We are now prepared to execute in order, in a neat and expeditious manner, upon the fairest terms, almost all descriptions of

JOB PRINTING;

SUCH AS

BUSINESS CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
HANDBILLS,
CATALOGUES,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
JEWELLERS' BLANKS,
LAWYERS' BLANKS,
MISCELLANEOUS.

We would say to those of our friends who are in want of such work, you need not go abroad to get it done, when it can be done just as good at home.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

PORT STATIONER DIVISION, No. 432.—Stated meetings, every Tuesday evening at the Division Room in the old Northern Exchange.

I. O. O. F.

CHOCOLATE LODGE, No. 77, meets at the Odd Fellows' Hall, in Buckland's Brick Building, every Saturday evening.

PEASE & ROBERTS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Copper, Tin, and Sheet-iron Ware,

AND DEALERS IN

Stoves, Wood, Hides, Sheep-pelts, Rags,

Old Copper, Old Stoves, &c., &c.

ALSO, ALL SORTS OF GENUINE YANKEE NOTIONS

Pease's Brick Block, No. 1.

FREMONT, OHIO. 32

STEPHEN BUCKLAND & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Dye-Stuffs,

Books, Stationery, &c., &c.

FREMONT, OHIO.

EDWARD F. DICKINSON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law:

FREMONT, OHIO.

Office—One door south of A. B. Taylor's store, up stairs, Aug. 31, 1850.

RALPH P. BUCKLAND:

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

And Solicitor in Chancery, will attend to references in Sandusky and adjoining counties.

Office—Second story of Buckland's Block, FREMONT, OHIO.

JOHN L. GREENE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

And Prosecuting Attorney, for Sandusky county, will attend to all professional business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity.

Office—In the second story of Buckland's Block, FREMONT, OHIO.

CHESTER EDGERTON:

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

And Solicitor in Chancery, will carefully attend to all professional business, in Sandusky, and adjoining counties. He will also attend to the collection of claims &c., in this and adjoining counties.

Office—Second story Buckland's Block, FREMONT, OHIO.

B. J. BARTLETT,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Will give his undivided attention to professional business in Sandusky and the adjoining counties.

Office—Over Oppenheimer's Store, FREMONT, OHIO.

DR. M. DANA,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Fremont and adjacent country.

Office—One door north of E. Lippmann's Jewelry Store, where he will cheerfully attend to any calls, except when absent on professional duty. June 24, 1850.

LA Q. RAWSON:

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office—North side of the Turnpike, nearly opposite the Post Office.

FREMONT, OHIO. 14

PIERRE BEAUGRAND:

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Fremont and vicinity.

Office—One door north of E. N. Cook's Store.

PORTAGE COUNTY

Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

R. P. BUCKLAND, Agent.

FREMONT, OHIO.

POST OFFICE HOURS.

The regular Post Office hours, until further notice will be as follows:

From 7 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 8 P. M.

Sundays from 8 to 9 A. M. and from 4 to 5 P. M.

W. M. STARK, P. M.

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SEVERAL FARMS, near Fremont, and convenient to the Turnpike, TO RENT.

Some of these have Eighty to Ninety acres cleared thereon, with comfortable Houses, Barns &c.

Enquire of SAML. CROWELL,

General Land Agent.

Muskogee, March 2, 1850—51-5

A. F. & F. VANDERCOOK:

MERCHANTS AND DEALERS

In all kinds of Produce;

At the Old Stand

Formerly occupied by Dickinson & V. Doren.

FREMONT, OHIO.

December 15, 1849

THE CHEAPEST LIQUORS and Wines for Medicinal and Mechanical purposes for sale at

BUCKLAND'S.

Poetry.

IF We give the following sonnets, by the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," the two former being, we believe, now first published, at the request of a personal friend of the author, by whom they have been communicated. [N. Y. Com. Adv.]

Sir Robert Peel.

Struck down at noon, amid the startled throng,
An eagle shot while soaring to the sun,
A wounded gladiator dying strong,
As loth to leave the glories he had won,
A life-long patriot with his work half done,
Of thee, great statesman, shall my mourning song
Arise in dread solemnity,—of thee,
Whom truly how shall I mourn her mighty ones,
Thine Acolytes, would crowd to hear and see
Thine intellectual Athlete, their high name
For eloquence and prudence, gifts and powers.
But lo! that starlike soul, a heavenly flame,
Is well enfranchised from this earth of ours,
Translated in the zenith of its fate.
Albany, July 3d, 1850. MARTIN F. TUPPER.

The Duke of Cambridge.

Another of thy chiefs, O! Israel,
Gone to a good man's rest and high reward,
As full of years as honor: it is well
That thy life should be so gloriously ended.
O! Death—how oft Britannia tells the knell
For those she loves, a mother for her sons!
Yet it is seldom that her tongue can tell
More truly how she mourns her mighty ones,
Than now in honest sorrow fills her breast:
For he was worthy, full of kindness;
A man of peace, and charity, and truth,
For ever doing good, and for ever blest
(Though nurtured as a warrior from his youth)
In finding what a joy it is to bless!
Albany, July 9, 1850. MARTIN F. TUPPER.

President Taylor.

"I am prepared to die; for I have tried
To do my duty!"—Was it Nelson's twin
Who spoke so like a hero when he died,
A Christian hero, with forgiven sin?
Yea!—in one, Columbia's bravest died,
(And another England's joy—we claim him too),
Who was in going for other spoils to win
Than late of Pella—Alto—higher mood,
Trophies of nobler name, and praiser more true,
Than those a faithful country well deserved.
To her best son: her best and bravest son,
Rough for the fight, but ready, heart and hand,
To make it up again with victory won,
In war—and peace—the glory of his land!
MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Miscellaneous.

The Jenny Lind Ticket Auction.

Notwithstanding the pouring rain this morning, great numbers of people wended their way down Broadway at an early hour, to attend the ticket auction for the first concert of Jenny Lind.

The charge of one shilling for admittance to the Garden, a mistake afterwards explained, produced some curious ebullitions; and in addition to the rain, which came down in torrents sufficient to damp everybody's ardor at the hour of commencing the performances, no doubt deterred a number who would have been to the spirit of the scene with ardor.

At least 3,000 persons, however, were present, filling the whole body of the Garden, and leaving a goodly number to occupy the balcony.

The auctioneer, Mr. Leeds, appeared punctually at the time appointed, but his audience were compelled to wait in uneasy expectancy for the arrival of the diagrams of the house. These, however, having been delayed at the printer's, did not make their appearance, and the bidding was commenced without them.

A good deal of confusion was necessarily attendant upon the sales in consequence of this delay.

Mr. Leeds now mounted his platform, and made an off-hand statement of the rules and regulations of the day.

All the tickets sold must be called for before 12 o'clock on Monday. All that are not applied for at the time specified will be disposed of to the first person applying.

The choice of tickets was sold, with the privilege of purchasing 1 to 10. No privilege higher than 10 was given. Now commenced the exciting struggle for the first choice.

The first bid was \$20. From this starting point the calls grew louder and more energetic: "Twenty-five," "thirty," "thirty-five," "forty," "sixty," "seventy-five," "eighty," "Give me the hundred," cries Mr. Leeds. "Ninety," "one hundred," (Auctioneer—"I've got it!") "One hundred and five," (a very low price!) Mr. Leeds. "One hundred and ten," "Twenty-five," "thirty," "forty," "one hundred and fifty," "one hundred and seventy-five," "Two hundred," (loud cheers.) "Two Hundred and twenty-five," (\$225); here there was at last a stop, and curious glances were shot around to discover the fortunate candidate. "Genin' Hatter!"

So the honor of the first purchase is fairly won by Mr. John N. Genin, the well known hatter of No. 214 Broadway. The competition for this was very spirited, and there were many candidates for the honor. The announcement of the success of Mr. Genin, was received with a tremendous outburst of applause.

The bidding then proceeded. The second choice of seats brought \$25; the third \$15.—At the latter price the box seats over the stage were disposed of to the New York Hotel.

The Irving House was the purchaser of a large number of seats at prices varying from \$8 to \$15. Messrs. Wm. Hall & Son, Music Dealers, were also purchasers to a large amount.

Several single chairs near the stage were sold at \$8.50 each.

The first row of chairs was then sold; the Irving House took twenty for \$140; Irving House twenty-four for \$102.

The next seats offered were in the front row of the gallery; they ranged from \$9.50 to \$5 each.

The front bench seats below, in the rear of the chairs, were then sold, bringing \$7, \$6.50 and \$5 each. The second bench row brought about the same prices.

When we came away the second row of the gallery was just finished—ranging from \$7.50 to \$5.

We have a complete list of the number of tickets sold, with the prices of each, and by whom purchased, which we shall publish on Monday. [N. Y. Tribune.]

"The Doctor."—A Doctor "out west," writes to his father as follows:—"Dear daddy, I cowedled Ice cum down and got driddled into a doctor. I hardly don't think I was in more than 3 ours, afore out I cum as slick a wan as ever was seen."

"Hale Calumby, happy land,
If I ain't a doctor, I'll be hand,
I pukes, I purges, and I swets em,
Then if I die, I'll be em."

"I gits plenty of custom, because they say they die easy. When you write, don't forget to put Doctor afore my name!"

"The lay of the Nightingale is said to be a golden egg."

Fulton's First Steam Voyage.

BY H. W. HASKINS.

Some twenty years since, more or less—for I cannot fix the date with more certainty—I formed a traveling acquaintance, upon a steam boat upon the Hudson river, with a gentleman who, on that occasion, related to me some incidents of the first voyage of FULTON, to Albany, in his steam boat, the *Clermont*, which I have never met with elsewhere. The gentleman's name I have lost; but I urged him, at the time, to publish what he related; which, however, so far as I know, he has never done. I have several times repeated the facts as they were told to me, and have often been requested to secure them from oblivion by giving them to the press.

I chanced, said my narrator, to be at Albany, on business, when Fulton arrived there, in his unheard of craft, which every body felt so much interest in seeing. Being ready to leave and hearing that this craft was to return to New York, I repaired on board the boat and inquired for Mr. Fulton. I was referred to the cabin, and I there found a plain, gentlemanly looking man, wholly alone, and engaged in writing.

Mr. Fulton, I presume.
Yes, sir.
Do you return to New York with this boat?
We shall try to get back, sir.
Can I have a passage down?
You can take your chance with us, sir.

I inquired the amount to be paid, and after a moment's hesitation a sum, I think six dollars, was named. The amount in coin I laid in his open hand, and with his eyes upon it he remained a long moment, as if he supposed there might be a miscount, and said to him, is that right, sir? This roused him as from a kind of reverie, and as he looked up at me the big tears were brimming in his eyes, and his voice faltered as he said, "excuse me, sir; but memory was busy as I contemplated this, the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adopting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion over a bottle of wine with you, but really I am too poor, even for that just now; yet I trust we may meet again, when this may not be so."

The voyage to New York was successful, as all know, and terminated without any accident. Some four years after this, when the *Clermont* had been greatly improved, and her name changed to *The North River*, and when two other boats, namely, *The Car of Neptune* and the *Paragon* had been built, making Mr. Fulton's fleet three boats regularly plying between New York and Albany, I took passage upon one of these for the latter city. The cabin, in that day, was below; and as I walked its length, to and fro, I saw I was closely observed by one whom I supposed a stranger. Soon, however, I recalled the features of Mr. Fulton; but, without disclosing this, continued my walk and awaited the result. At length, in passing his seat, our eyes met, when he sprang to his feet, and eagerly seizing my hand, exclaimed, I knew it, must be you; for your features have never escaped me; and although I am still far from being rich, yet I may venture that bottle now. It was ordered—and during its discussion Mr. Fulton ran rapidly but vividly over his experience of the world's coldness and sneers, and of the hopes, fears, disappointments and difficulties that were scattered through his whole career of discovery up to the very point of his final, crowning triumph, at which he fully felt he had at last arrived. And in reviewing all these, he said, he had again and again recalled the occasion and the incident of our first interview, at Albany; and never have I done so without its renewing in my mind, the vivid emotions it originally caused. That seemed, and still does seem to me, the turning point in my destiny—the dividing line between light and darkness, in my career upon earth; for it was the first actual recognition of my usefulness of my fellow-men.

Such, then, were the events coupled with the very dawn of steam navigation—a dawn so recent as to be still recollected by many—and such as Fulton there related them, were the early appreciations, by the world, of a discovery which has invaded all spheres, causing a revolution in navigation which has almost literally brought the very ends of earth in contact.

Frederick Bremer.

A friend of mine Bremer has sent us the following attempt at English poetry, written by the distinguished author at Niagara, where she is staying at present, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Lowell. [N. Y. Tribune.]

TO JAMES R. LOWELL

WITH A GOLD PEN.
A gold pen is a little thing—
But in thy poet hand,
It will take life; it will take wing,
Become a magic wand,
More powerful, more wonderful,
Than alchemy of old;
It can make mirth all beautiful,
And change all things to gold.

Frederick Bremer.

Niagara, Sept. 11, 1850.

Let your Sympathies Get out.

Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and knows the worth of sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Who would not bury his wife rather than bury his love for her? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his paternal affection? Yes! God has a heart! and he loves tenderly loves his children. Jesus Christ has a heart so warm and fervent that he could die on the cross to save the unworthy, whom he loved. Love is heaven's element, and the joys of affection—of congenial spirits—are the joys which animate the songs and inspire the harps of that blessed world. Whatever else man may be robbed of, oh, leave him his heart. Without this he is a human hyena, unfit for earth or heaven.

Cherish then your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, paternal, fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God has the largest and the warmest heart in the universe. He is all heart. God is love! Fear not then to engage your heart's capacities, to give vigor to its exercise. Love as extensively, and as intensely as you can. Love God. Love everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love the robin, to love their parents, to love their God. Let it be the studied object of your domestic culture, to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love—love to God—love to man. [Abbott.]

Sin and Folly of Scolding.

"Fret not thyself in anywise to do evil."—Psalms xxxii, 2.

1. It is evil, and only evil, and that continually. David understands human nature, and says, "Fret not thyself in anywise to do evil." That is, if you cannot speak without scolding, keep silence.

2. It destroys affection.—No one ever did, ever can, or ever will live a habitual fretter, fault-finder, or scolder. Husbands, wives, children, relatives, or domestics, have no affection for peevish fretful fault-finders. Few tears are shed over the graves of such. Persons of high moral principle may tolerate them—may bear with them. But they cannot love them more than the sting of the nettles, or the noise of mosquitoes. Many a man has been driven to a tavern, and to dissipation by a peevish, fretful wife. Many a wife has been made miserable by a peevish, fretful husband.

3. It is the Bane of Domestic Happiness.—A fretful, peevish, complaining, fault-finding person in a family is like the continued chafing of an inflamed sore. Wo to the man woman or child, who is exposed to the influence of such a temper in another. Nine-tenths of all domestic trials spring from this source. Mrs. D. is of this temperament. She wonders that her husband is not more fond of her company; that her children give her so much trouble; that domestics do not like to work for her; that she cannot secure the good will of young people.

The truth is, she is fretful and peevish. Children fear her and do not love her. She never yet gained the affections of a young person, nor will till she leaves of fretting.

4. It defeats the End of Family Government.—Good family government is the blending authority with affection, so as to secure respect and love. Indeed, this is the great secret of managing young people. Now your fretters may inspire fear, but they always make two faults where they correct one.

Scolding at a child, treating a child as though it had no feelings, inspiring dread and dislike, and fostering those very dispositions from which many of the faults of childhood proceed. Mr. G. and Mrs. F. are of this class. Their children are made to mind; but how? Mrs. F. frets and scolds at her children. She seems to watch them in order to find fault. She sneers at them—treats them as though they had no feelings. She seldom gives them a command without a threat, and a long, running, fault-finding commentary. When she chides, it is not done in a dignified manner. She raises her voice, puts on a cross look, threatens, strikes them, pinches their ears, slaps their hands, &c.

The children cry, pout, sulk, and poor Mrs. F. has to do her work over pretty often. Then she will find fault with her husband, because he does not fall in with her ways, or chime with her as a chorus.

5. Fretting and Scolding makes Hypocrites.—As a fretter never receives confidence and affection, so no one likes to tell them anything disagreeable, and thus procure for themselves a fretting. Now children conceal, inasmuch as they cannot make up their minds to be frank and open hearted. So husbands conceal from their wives and wives from their husbands. For a man may brave a lion, but he likes not to come in contact with nettles or mosquitoes.

6. It destroys One's Peace of Mind.—The more one frets, the more he may. A fretter will say he has enough to fret at. Especially if he or she has the lump of order and neatness largely developed. Something will always be out of place. There will always be some dirt somewhere. Others will not eat right, look right, talk right—he will not do those things so as to please them. And fretters are generally so selfish as to have no regard for any one's comfort but their own.

7. It is a Mark of Vulgar Disposition.—Some persons have so much gall in their disposition, are so selfish, that they have no regard for the feelings of others. All things must be done to please them.

They make their husbands, wives, children, domestics, the conductors by which spleen and ill-nature are discharged. Wo to the children who are exposed to such influences—it makes them callous and unfeeling, and when they grow up they pursue the same course with their children, or those entrusted to their management, and thus the race of fretters is perpetuated.

Love's Last Request.

"Farwell, farwell!" I cried. "When I return, thou'dst be my bride—till then be faithful, sweet adieu!—In silence oft I'll think of you."

The glistering strains he bright eyes—her thickening breath is choked with sighs—her tongue denies her bosom sway—"Farwell!"—I tore myself away.

"One moment stay," she stammered out, and quick as thought I wheeled about. "My angel speak! I ought to be done to comfort thee when I am gone!" I'll send thee specimens of art from every European mart—I'll sketch for thee each Alpine snow-capped peak that I have seen. A stone from Simpson's dreadful height, shall gird thy curious sight. I'll clasp the fiery Aetna's side to bring home treasures to my bride; and oh, my life, each ship shall bear a double letter to my love.

"Ah, George," the weeping angel said, and on my shoulder fell her head—"For constancy my tears are hostage—but when you write please pay the postage."

"How do you sell peaches?" asked a young gentleman yesterday of one of the boys who dealt in the article on the large bridge—"Two for a cent, sir," exclaimed the gentleman, with apparent astonishment, for the peaches were very large. "Two for a cent?" And he began fumbling in his pockets. "Two for a cent!" and he kept up the search with his fingers. "Two of them great peaches for one cent?" he repeated very deliberately. It was evident now that his fingers did not find what they were searching for. "Two for a cent," he said once more, in a somewhat lower tone, and turning round to leave the basket. "Two for a cent!"—Well by thunder! that is cheap enough—if I only had a cent!" [Providence Post.]

HORRIBLE!—At a recent performance of Hamlet, in a neighboring city, we regret to learn that in the famous 'grave scene' it was discovered that the coffin was too long for the 'hole' in the floor. Imagine the agony of Hamlet, as he stood gracefully reclining on the shoulder of Horatio, witnessing the carpenter sawing of the legs of the unfortunate deceased, to facilitate the interment of the body.

Abany Argus.

THE WIDOW.

The widow is a dangerous thing,
With soft, black, shining curls,
And looks more bewitchingly
Than a host of rumping girls;
Her laugh is so delicious—
So knowing, clear, beside,
You'd never dream her thinking
Soon to become a bride.

Her dress, though made of sable,
Gives roundness to her form—
A touch of something thoughtful,
A witching, winning charm;
And when she sits down by you,
With quiet, easy grace
A tear may fall unbidden,
Or a smile light up her face.

Her voice is soft—melodious—
And false in its tone;
She sometimes sighs, "Tis dreadful
To pass through life alone!"
And then she'll tell you, you remind her
Of the loved one dead and gone,
Your steps, your form, your features;
Thus the widow will run on.

Oh, listen, yet be careful,
For well she plays her part,
That does ensnare the heart;
Be guarded, or she'll win you,
With sighs, and smiles, and tears;
I faith, she'll wear the breeches, too,
And box your silly ears.

All about Tomatoes.

Tomato Sauce.—Take ripe Tomatoes, peel and stew them with apples, sage, and onion with salt and pepper. If a due quantity of water be added, no salt will be necessary. Sauce thus prepared is not too acid to be eaten with meat, but when otherwise used the flavor is rendered more agreeable to the palate of most people by adding a small quantity of fine sugar or molasses.

Tomato Dumplings.—Take the skin carefully from the tomato without rupturing the meat. The process of making, cooking, and saucing, is the same as that pursued in forming and preparing apple dumplings.

Tomato Jelly.—Having divested the tomatoes of the rinds, squeeze them through a fine cloth, add to the mass its weight of dry sugar; boil to a jelly and bottle it closely. It should be kept in a cool but not freezing place. Jelly prepared in this manner, will retain its flavor for a long time. It is an excellent article.

Broiled Tomatoes.—Select the largest cut them in two and broil them over a moderate fire till done. Add a little butter, or salt and pepper, and you have an excellent dish.

Raw Tomatoes.—Take the ripest fruit, cut it into vinegar in thin slices, the same as cucumbers, add a little pepper and salt if you like, or use the same as other fruit. This is an excellent dish.